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Choice Loetry.

JIMMY'S WOOING.

The wind came blowing out of the west,
And Jimmy mowed the hay.
The wind came blowing out of the west—
It stirred the green leaves out of their rest,
And rocked the blue-bird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground, And Jimmy moved the hay. The swallows skimmed along the ground, And mething leaves made a pleasant sonne Like children babbling all around— As Jimmy moved the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by.
And Jinny mowed the hay.
Milly came with her bucket by.
With her light foot so trim and sly.
And sunburnt cheek and langhing eye—
And Jinny mowed the bay.

A rustic Roth in linsey gown—
And Jimmy moved the hay.
A rustic Roth in linsey gown.
He watched her soft checks changing brown,
And the long, dark lash that trembled down,
Whonever he looked that way.

Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold, And Jimmy mowed the hay. Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold: But Jimmy thought her shy and cold— And more be thought then e'er he told— As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amalu-And Jimmy mowed the hay. The rain came pattering down amain, And under the thatch of the laden wain. Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain, Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in, Under the thatch of hay. The merry rain-drops hurried in, And hughed and pattered in a din, Over that which they saw within, Under the thatch of hay. For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast, Under the thatch of bay.

For Milly nestled to Jimpy's breast, Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest, And then I'll awear she looked her best Under the thatch of hay.

And when the rain came laughing out Over the ruined hay—
And when the rain came laughing out,
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And twittering birds began to short,
As if for a wedding day.

Select Storn.

A GHOSTLY VISITANT.

In the spring of 1876, being desirons of purch asing a country dwelling. I selvertised, stating my wants, and requesting owners of desirable property to communicate with me. Among the numerous answers which I received, was one numerous answers which I received, was one requesting me to examine a place in the village of M—, on Long Island, which, if the description given was an accurate one, would, I thought, exactly suit me. The price was exceedingly low, and the house within an easy distance of the city.

I at once wrote to the agent, a Mr. Williams, stating that I would examine the property on the following day.

stating that I would examine the property on the following day.

At a late hour the next afternoon, I alighted from the cars at M——. The appearance of the place pleased me, and I was quite certain that the property would prove just what I wanted. I had expected the agent to meet me at the de-pot, but no one was in sight save a young fel-low who was lying at fall length upon the plat-form, watching me with isle curiosity.

"Lookin' for any one, mister I" he ventured to inquire.

to inquire. "I expected Mr. John Williams to meet me "Hain't seen nothing of him," was the re-

sponse.
"Can you direct me to a place called the Elms?" I asked. upright, and stared at me with wide mouth.

mouth.
"The Elms?" he presently repeated.
"Yes, the Elms," I said, consulting the letter
I had received, in order to assure myself that I
had made no mistake in the name of the place. "Mister," said my companion, with great arnestness, "is Williams tryin" to sell you that ouse? If he is, don't have nothin' to do with earnestuess, "is Williams try house ! If he is, don't have

"And why not, pray?" I asked, not a little surprised.
"Because, Mister, that house is haunted," was

"Haunted! Hs. ha. ha!"
"Laugh if you like," said my companion,
stontly; "you will find that I've told you the At this moment, a carriage drove rapidly t

to the platform, and halted. The driver, a shrewd looking man of about forty, leaped out. "Mr. Bascomb, I believe!" he said, advancing "That is my name."
"I am John Williams. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, sir, but if you'll jump into my wagon, I will take you to the house at

A moment later we were on our way.
"Yonder rustic has been entertaining me with
a story, that the house you have for sale is
haunted." I remarked, laughingly.

Mr. Williams uttered an exclamation of impa-

"The superstitious villagers will never let that story rest," be said. "It has had the ef-fect of preventing the sale of the house more than once."
"Well, I assure you it will have no such ef-

"Well, I assure you it will have no such effect in my case," I replied. "I am no beliaver in ghosts, and if the dwelling suits me, we shall have no difficulty in coming to terms, I think. But how did the ridiculous story originate?"

"That's more than I can tell you," was the answer. "The house has been unoccupied for over a year, and ever since its former tenant left it, absurd stories of strange veices, ghostly

forms, and all that sort of thing, have Who is the owner of the place !"

"Who is the owner of the place?"

"Mr. Charles Ashton, who formerly lived in it. A little more than two years ago he fell heir te a fortone of nearly half a million, which was left him by his brother, George Ashton, formerly a well known New York merchant."

"O, yes." I interrupted. "I was slightly acquainted with him, and heard something about the disposition of his property. It was left conditionally to his brother, was it not?"

"By George Ashton's will," replied my companion, "his entire property was left to his son Henry, who ran away from home, tan years before, and since that time had not been heard from, I any news could be obtained within one year of his father's decease. In case he did not

of his father's decease. In case he did ne appear to claim the property within the stipu lated time, it was to go to Mr. Charles Ashton Well, Henry Ashton s whereabouts could be discovered, and at the expiration of the year Charles took possession of the property, and left for Europe, where he has been travelling ever since. But here we are at the Elms. How do you like the looks of the place, air?"

The small stone house, surrounded by a grove of elm-trees, presented a wonderfully picturesque appearance, and I did not hesitate to inform the agent that I was much pleased with the some armac of the extent. d, and at the expiration of the year

the appearance of the estate.

The favorable impression with which I at first

regarded it was deepened by a critical examin-ation, and I decided upon purchasing the prop-

Just one week from that day I and my house hold, consisting of a housekeeper, one servant and my favorite dog, took possession of the Elms.

"I fancy I shall not be greatly troubled by

the spirits who are supposed to haunt the dwelling," I remarked to myself, as I prepared to retire, on the night of my arrival. "The presence of a confirmed skeptic like myself should be sufficient to exorcise them." umped into bed, and fell asleep as seen as

head touched the pillow.

I was awakened by the striking of a clock,

As the last stroke died away I heard the sound As the last stroke died away I heard the sound of footsteps—slow, measured footsteps—at the other end of the long hallway, at one extremity of which my room was situated. They grew louder and louder, as they neared my door.

A strange, indefinable feeling of terror, such as I had never before experienced, crept over me. To save my life, I could not have moved.

The footsteps came nearer and nearer; they pansed at my door.

Then the door swung slowly open, and there entered a being, a thing wearing the form of a man, and surrounded by a strange, phosphorescent light.

Its face was that of a young man; it was at-tired in a sailor's costame. Upon its forehead was a frightful wound, from which the blood It raised its right arm, and beckoned me to follow it. Unable to resist the dread fascina-

It raised its right arm, and beckened me to follow it. Unable to resist the dread fascination, I arose and approached my visitant.

The spirit—for that it was a spirit of the other world I could not drubt, skeptic though I had ever been—led me through the long hall-way to an outer door, through which it passed, I following. It conducted me across the grass, wet with the midnight dews, to the foot of a majestic clm, which stood in a retired, lonely part of the grove.

Here it pansed, and slowly pointed to the ground at its feet. In this position it stood for perhaps a minute, then it suddenly vanished.

I staggered forward a pace or two, then my overtaxed energies gave way, and I fell insensible to the ground.

An hour later I recovered my consciousness, and returned to the honse, uncertain whether or not my terrible experience had been a dream. But reflection fast strengthened the conviction in my mind that I had been visited by an inhabitant of the other world.

Why had the spirit conducted me to the spot! Why had it pointed me to the ground at the foot of the giant clm! I interpreted this act as a command to dig at that spot, and I determined to obey.

The next morning, assisted by a neighbor, to

mined to obey.

The next morning, assisted by a neighbor, to whom I had told my experience, and surrounded by a group of wondering villagers, I dug at the foot of the elm tree, and found the ghastly

evidences of a frightful crime.

Scarcely four feet from the surface, we found the body of a young man. The qualities of the soil were such that it was in an excellent state of preservation. The features, though much discolored, were easily recognizable, and they were the features of my ghostly visitant. In the forchead of the corpse was a terrible wound, which had evidently been inflicted by some

sharp-pointed weapon.

The murdered man's pockets had been emptied of their contents, but sewed in the living of his coarse cotton shirt we found papers which or in coarse cotton sure we come papers which proved that he was Henry Ashton, the son of the late George Ashton, and his intended heir. The ticket agent at the village depot identified him as a young sailor, who, one evening about a year before, had arrived on the train from New York, and whom he had never seen these

The inference was plain. Charles Ashton had

murdered the young man, in order to prevent his accession to his father's estate. Inquiries were made in New Tork, and it was ascertained that Mr. Charles Ashton was expected to return from his European trip on the steamer Elfrida, which was then overdue. The next day the steamer arrived, and among s passengers was, indeed, Charles Ashton. He was arrested before he disembarked, on

the charge of murdering his nephew.
On learning of what crime he was accused, he said not a word, but his face turned deathly pale. He submitted to arrest without resist-

pale. He submitted to arrest without ance.

Two days later, he committed suicide in his cell in the Tombs. When his body was discovered, a paper was tightly clutched in his hand. Upon it were scrawled a few lines, which read as follows:

"I killed Henry Ashton. He came to me that night, having failed to ascertain the residence of any other of his few living relatives. He had instructured from a long voyage, and had heard

"Can you direct me to a place called the just returned from a long voyage, and had heard of his father's death, and the disposition he had made of his property. The honest fellow never an was somewhat extraordinary. He sat bolt he believed me, when I assured him of my dehe believed me, when I assured him or my de-light at his return, and my pleasure in yielding up to him the property. But at heart, I cursed the fate that had brought him back at that in-opportune hour, and I determined that he should never leave the Elms alive. I ascertained that no one else was aware of his return and that he was known to his shipmates by a assumed name. Two days later the year would expire, and if this boy could be atlenced, the fortune would be mine. I determine to silance him forever. He and I were alone in the house, and no one knew of his presence under my roof. I killed him at midnight while he slept, and buried his body beneath the elim where it was found. The fortune for which I did the deed has been a curse to me, and now I resign it and my wretched life.

CHARLES ASHTON."

THE GREAT COMET OF 1843. Professor Peirce's Description of the Visitan

The following extract from Professor Peirce's lecture on comets and meteors contains a des-cription of the wonderful comet of 1843, of which Gould's comet is supposed to be a reap-

earance:
"About noon on the 28th of February, 1843, "About noon on the 28th of February, 1840, groups of people in many of the towns of New England, especially in Portland, Maine, collected at the corners of the streets, garing up toward the sun. Protecting their eyes in the shadows of the honses, they saw a brilliant object close to the sun. Such a marvelous spectacle had never before been seen. A thoughtful cle had never before been seen. A thoughtful sea Captain, Mr. Clark, brought out his sextant, cle had never before been seen. A thoughtful sea Captain, Mr. Clark, brought out his sextant, and repeatedly measured the distance of the strange object from the limb of the san. These unique observations are on record, and, submitted to rigid criticisms, attest the accuracy of the observer. In about a week from this time a wonderfully brilliant tail of a comet was seen skirting the horizon soon after sunset, and reaching more than one-third of the way round the sky. It was now a tail without a head, as it was at first a head without a tail; but they were members of the same comet. The best determination of its path was accomplished by the distinguished astronomer, Sears O. Walker. At its perihelion it passed nearer the sun than any known comet, with the single exception of that of 1650, compated by Sir Isaac Newton, and in the discussion of which in the Principle, he broached the first approximation to the true theory of the cometary tail. These two comets approached so close to the sun that it would seem quite possible that they touched its surface, or at least swept in nearer than the solar corona. It would not have been an absurd hypothesis that they were ejected from the sun at the time of penetration, had it not been for the fact that the comet of 1680 was seen on its way down to the sun, and for the remarkable pheromen which we are about to describe confact that the comet of 1680 was seen on its way down to the sun, and for the remarkable phenomens which we are about to describe concerning the comet of 1843. It may be claimed as a not impossible hypothesis that each of those comets was at some former time the product of a solar eruption in accordance with Buffon's theory of the origin of comets. It would only involve a force which would double the greatest velocity given to the solar field of hydrogen. But a juster interpretation of the phenomenou, and one which avoids the necessity of an extravagant volcanic action, is to be found in the relation between the comets and the meteors. travagant volcanic action, is to be found in the relation between the comets and the meteors. It is simply the splash of the falling meteors. In about an hour and a half the comet of 1843, like that of 1680, went round the san from one side to the other. What would have become of the tail, which was reaching out about 100,000,000 of miles from the sun to the earth's orbit? There have been those who have actually adopted the incredible. I may say the impossible, hypothesis that the tail rotated through this immense circuit, developing centrifugal this immense circuit, developing centrifugal force which all the united powers of the universe could not have sustained. No! The comet practically left its tail behind it as it receded from the sun.—Boston Advertiser.

Omo's greatness will be fully appreciated when the world learns that a single Buckeye County (Butler) is the birth-place of both of In-diana's United States Senators.

Miscellany.

"SOME DAY." "Some day," we say, and turn our eyes Toward the fair hills of Paradise.

Some day, some time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast. Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memory.

Some day, their hands shall clasp our hands Just over in the Morning Lands.

Some day, some time, but, oh! not yet, But we will wait, and not forget, That some day all these things shall be, And rest be given to you and me. Some place where Druids oft have made Their altars 'neuth the caken shade;

By some gray rock where waters flow, And guardian angels come and go. So, wait, my friend, though months move alow The happy time will come, we know!

JEFFERSON ON A THIRD TERM. His Letter to the Vermo at Legislature

Thomas Jefferson wrote letters to the Legislatures of Vermont, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, dated Dec. 10, 1807, and printed in the Philadelphia Aurora of Dec. 19, refusing to be a candidate for a third term, and solemnly amounting that he would not disregard the precedent of his illustrious predecessor, George Washington. We herewith reproduce the first of those letters—that to the Legislature of Vermont:

letters—that to the Legislature of Vermont:

DEC. 10, 1807.—I received in due season the address of the Legislature of Vermont, bearing date the 5th of November, 1806, in which, with their approbation of the general course of my Administration, they were so good as to express their desire that I would consent to be proposed again to the public voice on the expiration of my present term of office. Entertaining as I do for the Legislature of Vermont those sentiments of high respect which would have prompted an immediate answer, I was certain, nevertheless, they would approve a delay which had for its

immediate answer, I was certain, nevertheless, they would approve a delay which had for its object to avoid a premature agitation of the public mind on a subject so interesting as the election of a Chief Magistrate.

That I should lay down my charge at a proper period is as much a duty as to have borne it faithfully. If some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, his office. of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Con-stitution, or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance. Bolleving that a representative government responsible at short periods of elec-tion is that which preduces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind, I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle; and I should unwillingly be the person who, disregarding the sound precedent set by an illustridisregarding the sound precedent set by an illustri-ous predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of of-

Truth also requires me to add that I am sensible of that decline which advancing years bring on, and feeling their physical, I ought not to doubt their mental effect. Happy if I am the first to perceive and to obey the admonition of Nature, and to solicit a retreat from cares too

great for the wearied faculties of age.

For the approbation which the Legislature of Vermont has been pleased to express of the principles and measures purved in the management of their affairs, I am sincerely thankful; and of their affairs, I am sincerely thankful; and should I be so fortunate as to carry into retirement the equal approbation and good will of my fellow-citizens generally, and it will be the comfort of my future days, and will close a service of forty years with the only reward it ever wished.

Respectfully,
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Two days after the publication of the foregoing letter—to-wit: the 21st of December, 1807, he wrote to the Appomattox Association (Bap-

"Believing that a definite period of retiring from this station will tend materially to seeme our elective form of government, and sensible, too, of that decline which advancing years brings on, I have felt it a duty to withdraw at the close of my present term of office; and to strength-en by practice a principle which I deem saluta-ry. That others may be found whose talents and integrity render them proper descripts. ry. That others may be found whose takens and integrity render them proper deposits of the public liberty and interests, and who have made themselves known by their eminent services, we can all affirm of our personal knowless.

The Mule and His Father.

The Mule and His Father.

We shall offer no excuse for reprinting the documents given below. The first is a circular emanating from the Independent Republican Committee of this city, which was sent to every member of the recent Convention at Utea:

"There are two prominent aspirants for the candidacy whom many Republicans deem unfit, and whose election would be doubtful. Their nomination is therefore in expedient. Those candidates are General Grant and James G. Blaine.

Independent Republicans believe that no such men should be nominated. That feeling in Mr. Blaine's case, compled with the suspicion that his official currer is tainted with dishonesty, would cost the party thousands of votes, should be be chosen as its candidate."—Semi Selomon, in his Weekly Newspaper.

The Animals were about choosing a Ruler. The Mule and his Father thought they had the Balance of Power. The Mule's Father edited a Weekly Newspaper. Balance of Power. The Mule's Father edited a Balance of Power. The Mule's Father edited a Weckly Newspaper, which treated with great severity all other parties except Himself and the Mule, insisting that all the Animals were more or less corrupt, except Himself and the Mule, and that the whole Animal Kingdom would go to the Devil, if the selection of the Ruler were not given to Himself and the Mule. The Mule established a Head Quarters, and occasionally saved an Address to the other Animals on the established a Hend Quarters, and occasionally issued an Address to the other Animals, on the Prevailing Cussedness. But the Head Quarters was only a Blind. He did Business exclusively with his Hind Quarters, which he kept constantly In the Air. He kicked at Every Candidate that was named, and His Father encouraged him in it, telling him that was the Only Way to Become Influential. At length Some One who had just escaped his Heels said: "You Dam Muls, what do you do that for F" And the Mule. had just escaped his Heels said: "You Dam Mule, what do you do that for I" And the Mule, belighted at having created a Disturbance, Langhed long and loud as he answered, "Because I As a Dam Mule." Then Some One said to the Mule's Father, "Why do you issue this Monotonons Weekly Newspaper I" And the Mule's Father answered with Great Seriousness, "To Instruct the Mule."

Afterwards the Election went on and they

Afterwards the Election went on, and they Counted the Mule and His Father as

THE Andersonville graveyard, as described by a recent visitor, is an unfrequented spot, ex-cept for travellers from the North, among whom are many war veterans, who were prisoners in the stockade. There are 13,715 graves, of which about 1,000 are marked "Unknown." There is about 1,000 are marked "Chanown." There is a surrounding wall of solid brick, and the place is kept neat by a resident superintendent under Government pay. Part of the stockade is still standing, but nothing remains of the prison, and the site is covered by bushes. There is no trace of the famous brook, nor any mark of the wells dug by the prisoners.

EVERY TIME anybody starts a David Davis boom, some Democrat with a tenacions memory observes that if Davis had not resigned his seat e Supreme Bench to become Senator, that rical combination of eight to seven would have stood the other end first, and Tilden would be President. The remark may or may not be either accurate or kindly, but whenever it is made there is a period of "silent and motionless meditation" in the Democratic household, and in place of a young boom there is merely a va-

A house built in 1639 still stands in Dedham, Masa, and is the oldest in New England. It is beautifully situated under heavily branching elms, with a moss-covered roof. Much of the original furniture, 240 years of age, still remains, and has been in the possession of one family, named Fairbanks, during all that time.

THE IRISH PUZZLE. Which Storrs Could Not Solve-Working Against Their Own Interests, and Stattify-ing Themselves.

Mr. Emery A. Storrs, of Chicago, delivered a lecture, the other evening, in that city, before the Irish-American Republican Club on the question: "Why on Earth Are Irishmen Demo-

the Irish-American Republican Club on the question: "Why on Earth Are Irishmen Democrats!" We are sorry to say that this puzzling coundrum was not solved by Mr. Storrs. It was merely presented in different shapes, but it was not solved. Mr. Storrs referred to that curious phenomenon in our politics, "the solid Irish vote," and to the singular fact that it has always been given to the Democratic party. We agree with Mr. Storrs, that without that vote the Democratic party would long since have ceased to "cumber the ground." It gave to that party the vote of the City and State of New York; it gave it the control of several other cities and Congressional Districts, and thus, with the Solid South, enabled the Democratic party to control the country. Without the Irish vote, the Democratic party must have disbanded long ago.

the Irish vote, the Democratic party must have disbanded long ago.

Mr. Storrs merely states the case, but does not explain it when he presents this paradox: "Our Irish fellow-citizens coming to these shores from a land blighted by oppression, they have solidly acted with the party of oppression." "Coming here, fired with the idea of Liberty, they have at once allied themselves with the party of Slavery." All this Mr. Storrs confesses presents to him "an inconsistency absolutely inexplicable." It cannot be explained. The astonishing fact remains that the Democratic party, in all its wicked assaults upon Human Liberty and upon the rights and dignity of Labor, has been assisted by the Irish vote.

But the anomaly which amazes Mr. Storrs continues yet; even at this very moment, not withstanding the lessons of the past, and while the Irish nation is seeking relief from the poverty and want produced by an unjust land system, our Irish fellow-citizens will vote solid with the Democratic party in its attempt to

rem, our Irish fellow-citizens will vote solid with the Democratic party in its attempt to compel the farm -laborers of the South to submit to the same identical system. Denouncing the mijust land law which in Ireland gives the work to the laborer and the crop to the lord, they will vote solid to establish the same injustice in the Southern States of America. The Irish are an agricultural people, and they emigrated to this country by hundreds of thousands after the famine year, seeking for independence in the ownership of land. At that time the Republican party proposed to throw open for their free ownership, all the magnificent lands of Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, giving to each one of them 160 acres for nothing. cent lands of Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, giving to each one of them 160 acres for nothing. The Democratic party opposed the law, and yet the Irish vote was thrown solid for the Democratic party. When the Republicans obtained power, the Homestead law was passed, and under its operation we offer to every emigrant from Ireland 160 acres of good land free, yet if the Democratic party should propose to repeal the Homestead law to-morrow, it would have the support of the "solid Irish vote."

Mr. Storrs asks this question: "Can it be supposed for a moment—can any Irishman suppose—that had Curran, and Grattan, and Sumet, and Plunkett, and Shiel, and Burke risen from

posed for a moment—can any Irishman sappose—that had Curran, and Grattan, and Kmmet, and Plunkett, and Shiel, and Burke risen from their graves, and could they have been here, adopted citizens of this country since 1850, that they would have acted with the Democratic party, every instinct of which was false to freedom, and every purpose of which was to perpetuate Slavery? To which we answer, we don't know; there never was in Ireland a more fervent advocate of Freedom than John Mitchel, and yet he scarcely set foot upon the shores of New York when he declared himself an advocate of Slavery. Serely no two men ever had greater influence over Irishmen than Daniel O'Conneil and Father Mathew. They were both Abolitionists, and they sent a written appeal to their fellow-countrymen in America not to support the party of Slavery. Their appeal had no influence whatever, and the Irish vote went solid for slavery. Another curious anomaly is this: In Ireland, the people were all Abolitionists, but as soon as they crossed the Atlantic, they voted with the party of Slavery.

Is there any explanation to such inconsistency as this? Mr. Storrs is unable to find any, but there must be an explanation somewhere. The

there must be an explanation somewhere. The two striking features of the conundrum are these: 1. The "solid" character of the Irish vote. 2. That it should be always cast for the Democratic party. The explanation of the Irish vote is generally ascribed to the clannish ness of the people; but there must be a reason for this clannishness, and to find it we must refer back to the circumstances of the Irish people at home. For centuries they have been compelled to band together for mutual protection against oppressive laws, and this tie of union has been religious as well as political. In fact their politics and religion were blended together. The Catholies were on one side; the Government, the laws, the power, the army and Government, the laws, the power, the army and the Protestants were on the other. It became a habit to band together, and this habit con-tinues even here in America. It is not at all times even here in America. It is not at all strange that the Irish have not yet learned to separate religion from politics. It is the opinion of the Irish people here that the Democratic party is more friendly to the Catholic Church than is the Republican party. False this opinion may be, but it is cectain that the Irish entertain it, and, when their habit of banding together in the old country is considered, their practical unaumity in this country is accounted for. For an Irish Democrat to turn Republican in this country is almost as infamous as to turn Protestant in Ireland, so closely do the Irish still blend together their ideas of their religion and their politics.

Secondly, the Irish remember the "Know-Nothing" era, when a great political party was

religion and their politics.

Secondly, the Irish remember the "Know-Nothing" era, when a great political party was formed for the purpose of excluding from the rights of American citizenship all Roman Catholics and all persons of foreign birth. By a mere accident the Democratic party was in power at the time, and of zourse became the opponent of "Know-Nothingism"—not for any principle, but because it was to their interest to keep all parties out of power but their own. That the Know-Nothing organization was chiefly aimed against the Irish is undoubted. It is idle to show the Irish that the principles of the Know-Nothing party never had any hold upon the American people; that they have been utterly extinct for a quarter of a century; that a large element of the party at its dissolution went into the ranks of the Democratic party. They only remember that the Democratic party was the organization opposed to Know-Nothingism, and they don't care to reason any further than that. It would be absurd to suppose that the Irish have supported Slavery and all the other abominations of the Democratic party because they are enemies of Liberty. Having trusted themselves to the keeping and guidance of the Democratic party, they have followed that party wherever it chose to lead them. Believing themselves safe only in the success of the Democratic party, they have followed it with an unreasoning devotion through all its fortunes, its follies, and its crimes.—Dabague Times.

It is a fact not generally known that silver coins with holes bored or pauched in them will not be received at the Treasury. By punching a large hole in a silver dollar, from five to thira large hole in a silver dollar, from five to thir-teen cents' worth of silver are taken out. Indi-viduals rarely refuse to accept these mutilated coins, as they pass readily. Manufacturers who obtain large quantities of silver, suffer the most by the mutilation of the coin, as the defective pieces can not be exchanged for certificates or greenbacks at the office of the Treasury or Sub-Treasury. The penalty for fraudulently muti-lating soins is a fine of not more than \$2,000 and imprisonment of not more than two years. -Syracuse Courier.

A HARTFORD lawyer remarked to a colore A Hartford lawyer remarked to a colored man who begged ten cents of him for a chance in a policy game: "Put the money on 11 and 1, as the juries in most of the murder trials lately have been standing that way." The negro departed in a meditative mood, and when the next day he met the lawyer, astonished him by drawing out a roll of greenbacks amounting to \$136, and informing him that he had won this by betting on 11 and 1.

An honest dollar is the noblest work of Con-

THE THINGS IN THE LOWER DRAWER.

There are whips and tops and pieces of strings,
There are shoes which no little feet wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And little tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away;
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures all faded and torn.
And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have faded to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bittorness fills my soul Sometimes, when I try to pray, i That the reaper has spared so many flowers, And taken mine away: And I almost doubt if the Lord can know That a mether's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many warry ones Who are waiting and watching to-night, For the slow return of faltering feet That have strayed from the path of right; Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin, Whom the success of the tempter have gathered in. They wander far in distant climes,
They periah by fire and flood.
And their hands are black with the direct crimes
That kindle the wrath of God;
Tet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She hath tulled them to alumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babes that never grow old.
And know they are waiting and watching for me,
In the city with the streets of gold.
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow, and sin, and war:
And I thank my God, with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

GRANT'S RETURN HOME. Speech That Would Please the People : Brighten His Fame Forever.

It is reported that the ex-President is coming home from Mexico. He returns by way of New Orleans, it seems, and he means to reach his house at Galena early in May,—time enough, perhaps, to be chosen a delegate to the Illinois Republican Convention, which is to assemble on the 19th of May. If he should accept that position, it would give him an opportunity to explain to his fellow-citizens what he wants a third term of the Presidency for.

If he desires to make a test of his popularity, let him try it in this way. He would find himself the next day the most popular man in the United States; he would discover that this last act had crowned his career, and of all his deeds was that which would give him the highest and most enduring place in history. Fortune, whose favorite he has so long been, has offered him here an opportunity which we should think can scarcely fail to tempt him. What an address he could write—if he chose! "Fellow citizens," he could say, "I return to

"Fellow citizens," he could say, "I return to find that in my absence my name has been brought forward for the Presidential nomination, and I hasten to say that it has been done without my will or consent. I still believe, as I told Prince Kung in China, that I have held the office of President as long as it has ever been held by any man. I have had my share of it,—have had all the honors that can or should be given to any citizen. I have no claims to the office. There are many able and distinguished man who have earned the office; to one of them it should be given. They are worthy, and to them it belongs, not to me. I am, therefore, not a candidate, and, while I thank those who have desired to make me so, I must declare my opinion frankly that they have committed an error. It is not well for a free country to contract the habit of dependence on one man. No one may is necessary to its welfare or liberties. Our country does not need now or at any time what is spoken of as a strong manat the head of the Givernment. Our Constitution was so wisely framed that the country is safe with any honest and inerument. Our Constitution was so wisely framed that the country is safe with any honest and intelligent man in the Presidency. It would not be patriotic in me to set an example which, as the country increases in population and in the variety and complexity of its interests, might have fatally peruicious consequences in our arraging dangerous ambitions in public man, and setting precedents full of trouble and disaster to freedom. Our Government, my fellow-citizens, is strong because it rests upon the people. It would be weak and contemptible if it were safe only in the hands of what are called 'strong man.' only in the hands of what are e

have shown me and the honors they have heaped upon me."

Suppose the ex-President should, on his arrival in New Orleans, publish such a brief address to the people. Does not everybody see, do not every body had been seed to him fame, as patriotic and praiseworthy, as raising him to the highest rank among the world's great men! Such words would instantly and permanently disarm all his critics. His very faults would become merita in the light of his patriotism, and men would blush that they had snapected him of self-seeking.

But alas! will be speak! It is doubtful. He is a camilidate. Unless that "intimate, person al and political friend" who made the amouncement so injurious to the ex President's good fame speake rashly, he is a candidate. He has kept silence very long. He has tolerated acts and arts of political manipulation in his own behalf as a candidate which have forced thousands of his fellow-Republicans to blash with indignation. He has accepted in silence the contemptible and He has accepted in silence the contemptible and un-American plea for his renomination that the country needs a "strong man." He has through his own faults, become justly and very generally suspected of dangerous personal ambition. All his acts are scratinized as the acts of one right-fully under suspicion, and his return to Illinois just before the meeting of the State Convention, harmless and without significance if he were not a candidate, becomes significant of zoalous office seeking, of eager and unblushing can assing, under the circumstances by which he has allowed himself to be compromised.—New York Herald.

A fentleman once had occasion to hire a coachman, and put all the candidates for the place through a competitive examination, which consisted of the following questions: "Suppose that you were driving my carriage alongside of a precipice—how near could you go to the edge without going off!" One of the candidates thought be could drive within two feet of the edge; another knew he could go within a foot; still another said with the utmost cheerfulness that be could take the carriage within six inches and still be safe. Finally, there was a prudent man, who shook his head, and said he would keep as far away from the precipice as possible. He got the place.

He got the place.

The argument of Gen. Grant's supporters, if we understand it, is that they can take the Republican party within six inches of the precipice of defeat, and still save it. They admit that there is a strong sentiment against a third term, but insist that Gen. Grant can pull through. but insist that Geo. Grant can pull through. Why is it necessary to put the party into such jeopardy? There are in the United States probably not less than 1,000 Republicans who are capable of performing the duties of the Presidency safely and well. Why should we select as our candidate the one man out of the 1,000 who will put the party upon the defensive from the beginning of the campaign to the end?—New York Tribane.

AFTER being a lane for 600 years, Drury Lane becomes a street. It derived its title from the residence of a once distinguished family, long since extinct or sunk into obscurity, Drury House. In a few months the locality will scarcely be recognized, such are the changes being made.

Ax "uninstructed delegation"-either to Har-AN uninstructed delegation —either to Har-risburg or Chicago—is a phrase which, when employed with reference to Pennsylvania, is per-fectly intelligible to everybody. It means that the instructions are to come from Senator Cam-eron.—Pittsburg Dispatch (Rep.)

NAMBY.

Ir. Nashy's Friends Hold a Consultation at the Carners, the Subject Under Discus-sion Being the Democratic Nominee for the Presidents.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,
March 13, 1880.

The queschen ex to wich onist statesman the
Dimocrisy shel nominate for the Presidency, hez
ajjitated the Corners uncommonly, av laize. The
Dimocrisy uv the Corners will vote for anybody
that the Convenshun choozes to put on the track,
for the Corners rekognize that the fust dooty uv
a Dimekrat is to open his mouth and swaller
watever his leeders chooze to drop into it. The
Dimocrisy uv the Corners is a very eesy one to
git on with. None uv em reed without sich grate
laber that they reely dont consider it wuth wat
it costs, and ther informashen, like ther cloze, is
ginerally second-handid.

I desided that it waz best to held a meetin, to
assertane wat waz the preferences uv the Di-CONFEDRIT X ROADS.

I desided that it was best to bold a meetin, to assertane wat was the preferences uv the Dimocrisy are the Corners on this important matter, and akkordinly I called one. I am rather foud av holdin meetins, for it not only helps to manetane my importance, but ginerally I manage to git Bascom interested to the pint av askin us all to take suthin, wich is soothin to the bowels. Likker erned in that way is sweet, for it tastes jist ez good ez the you hed paid for it, and the gittin uv it is a triboot to yoor genus.

yoor genus.

Ther wuz a grate diversity uv opinyun onto Ther wuz a grate diversity uv opinyun onto this pint, and every man in the meetin hed a candydate uv his own. Deekin Pogram wuz quite yoonanimus in faver uv Vorus, uv Injeanny, for the fust place on the tikket, for varus receaus. Fust, ther wuznt enny dout about his Dimocrisy. He wuz, doorin the late ouplesantness, a stanch frend uv the South, and is to-day jist ez yooseful to us ez tho he wuz actilly a Suthern man. In our opposishun to seekshunalism, we insist on hevin a man entirely Suthern in feelin. The fack that Vorus is a Northern man duz not count agin him. We are opposed to seekshunalism, and are willin to vote for a Northern man, ef we kin depend upon his entire devoshen to the South. That is all wich we rekwire.

rewire.

A nuther man wantid Tilden, annther Bayard, uv Delaware, and yit another Thorman, uv Ohio, wile a grate many wuz entirely willin to support Hancock, and even Gin. McClellan hed sum frends.

Finelly, sum one askt of the Dimocrisy uv the

Corners hed that uv the grate and good Tildon, wich wuz swindled out uv the Presidency by eight to seven! Wuz ther no sense uv justis in the Corners?

From evry part uv the meetin-hous ther ariz a murmer uv disapprooval.

"We dont want no Tilden in ourn," sed sevral; "he is the tool uv the blotid hond-hold-

"No Tilden fer me," sed anuther; "he is op-

wat I hev to say. Wat I wantid to git at, is this: The Corners will room itself by supportin Vorus. How much duz Parson Nasby owe the Corners?"

The r

'He owes me ninety-six dollars!" yelled Dee-

"And me a bundred and forty!" ejakilatid Issaker Gavitt. saker Gavitt.

And evry man uv em statid the mizable sum
I owed him, till the aggergate swelled to over a

thousand dollars.
"Do yoo want yoor money?" sed Joxef.
"We do! We do!" sed they, in korus.
"My frends," continuered he, "Vorus hez no money. Vorus hezut a cent to buy a delegit onsand dollars. with, and wat erthly chance wood our esteemed frend hev to bring back ennything from the Convenshin, ef he goes instrucktid to vote for Vorus? Ov coarse he will be your delegit, and uv coarse you expect him to cum bringin sheeves.

him.

"Hold on," sed Josef, "go slow, Parson. I hev anuther moshon to make. I moove, also, that a committy uv the Parson's crediters be appinted to accompany him to Cincinnati, to see that after gittin the money, he brings it back with him. I do not dout the Parson's enesty, but I dont like to expose him to temptashun. Human nacher is week."

And this moshon wuz kerried, and Deekin Pogram, Issaker Gavitt, and Captin M'Pelter wuz made sed committy, and they wuz instrucktid to reseeve the money therselves, and to divide it pro rata among my crediters.

to reseeve the money therselves, and to divide it pro rata among my crediters.

And the meetin adjurned, Josef remarkin, ex we left the house: "Aint it wonderful, Parson, how little things inflooence grate ones? Only think uv it? Possibly yoor vote will nominate the grate Tilden. Sposin yoo hed never cum to the Corners, and never borrered money, the old man mite never hev bin President. But I don know, after all. Yoo'd hev borrered it sumwher else."

I do wish to heven that Joe Bigler wood die. Here am I forsed to go to Cincinuati, with the

I do wish to heven that Joe Bigler wood die. Here am I forsed to go to Cincinuati, with the sertinty uv a desent pile, and no good to me. Wat good durit do to pay dets? I cant driuk the likker over that that money pade for, nor kin I eat the same meels over agin. That is all gone. But I spose I shel hev to stand it. But all the same; ef they git that money, I shel confess I hev fallen into my dotage.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Delegate elect.)

FRANCE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO .- One hun-FRANCE ONE HUXDRED YEARS AGO.—One him-dred years ago, in 1780, Marie Antoineste was full of joy in her little palace of Trianon; Neck-er had begun to put his financial genius into practice; Bonaparte was studying at Brienne, Talleyrand was treasurer of the clergy; Vergu-land and Guadet were pleading at Bordeaux; Robespierre was writing memorials on the aboli-Robespierre was writing memorials on the aboli-tion of the penalty of death; Mirabean was in the prison of Vincennes, writing his famous sto-ry on lettres de cachet. None of the great actors who were to play a role on the scene of the world had yet been revealed, and none suspect-ed the eminence to which they were to rise.

THE auti-Grant feeling among Northern Re-publicans is beginning to be felt here, and the Grant managers are somewhat troubled about it.—Washington Dispatch to Philadelphia Press.

HAYES saves more money out of his salary than Grant did, as he sets a plainer table, has no wines, and wears common clothes.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

BY CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

BT CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

I heard him call, and stopped, half doubtful if I heard Some mocking jay, or the dear rufnus-breasted bird. Again the cheerful note, the clear, sharp twittering, came, And told me Robin's name. Then scanning the thin tree-lops, soon I found, The little minstred whose sweet voice went round, Summoning
Tardy Spring
From her long Tropic dallying. There were ne leaves to hide him,
And on the bough beadde him.
No billing mate
Responsive sate.
The March skies were above him;
The orchard-trees that love him.
Were naked as the skies—Their tender leaves were hidden.
Their foamy blooms unbidden.

Their foamy blooms unbidden,
Unbreathed the tea sweet fragrance of their sighs;
Yet bopeful still and merry.
He trills and whistles cheery,
Gladsome and brave;
What, though the cold winds blowing,
Find in their boundless going
Xaught of the Summer but a withered trace,
As in some burial place
The wreath its blackened in a making, graves. The wreaths lie blackened in a maiden's grave!

The wreaths lie blackened in a maiden's grave!
Gay sings the warbier, knowing
A truth of Nature's showing:
That He will give who gave;
That He will give who gave;
That she will give who gave;
That warner suns and kinder
This bleak menth leads behind her;
That the gray boughs
But briefly house
The hesitating blessoms, and the leaves;
That his brave song shall wake them.
To swell their bends and break them.
And each harsh blast that grieves,
Shall spread the crickled banner
Of drowsy Sring, and fan her
To vigor, as of old;
That he, the earliest comer,
Flite in the van of Summer;
That the meadow shall be verdaut, and the harvest shall be gold.

Dear bird, I see thee winging
Far away still calling, singing.
Till the blue skies seem to hide thee in their blue;
But thy hopeful notes still linger.
Little dusky pinioned singer,
And a faith half-faiat and weary they renew.

May my hopes like thee aspire
From their low perch high and higher.
Heavenward searing, ever singing as they go;
And when Earth no more can hold them,
When the saure skies enfold them,
May their echoes linger awently here below.

THE STRONG-MAN TALK. Its Utter Stupidity and Folly-How the "Strong Man" Nearly Destroyed His Party.

Senator Carpenter's strong argument against he Fitz John Porter bill peorrated in the follow-

"This last act may be needed to convince the "This last act may be needed to convince the American people that to insure a proper discrimination be fracen rirus and rice, fix the proper punishment upon disloyalty, and hold rebellion in check, we need in the White House once more the steady hand, the cool head, and the patriotic heart of U. S. Grant."

"No Tilden fer me," sed anuther; "he is opposed to onlimited green-bax, and wants to pay off the nashnel det."

"No Tilden!" shouted the entire meetin, younanimusly. "Anybody but Tilden."

Deekin Pogram mooved that it wux the sense av this meetin that Senater Vorus, av Injeanny, wux the proper man to bare the Dimekratic banner to victry, and I wux about to put the moshun, wen that omnittigatid cuss, Joe Biglier, wich is a torment, rose and sed he hed a remark to make before the kweschen wux put.

"Are yoo awair, Josef, that this is a Dimekratic meetin!" I remarkt.

"Hevin inventoryed the noses uv them in attendance, smelt there breths, and gazed on ther cloze, I am aware that this is a Dimekratic convenshun."

"Are you a Dimekrat, Josef!"

"Ez I am meditatin a entire reposdiashen uv wat I owe, and hev determined to quit work, and jine the sirkle at Bascom's, I kin say I am, or at leest soon will be."

"Then I spose we shel hev to heer wat yoo hev to say."

"I'v coarse yoo will. Yoo ginerally do heer wat I hev to say. Wat I wantid to git at, is this: The Co roers will rooin itself by supportin Vorus. How much duz Parson Nasby owe the Corners!"

the steady hand, the cool head, and the patriotic heart of U. S. Grant."

This remarkable turn raised a smile and dissipated the effect of the argument. But the things of the effect of the argument. But the things which are generally alleged as reasons for bringing in Gen. Grant are so remarkable that people want to know how he is to do them. How is he to insure a proper discrimination between virtue and view! How is he to insure a proper discrimination between virtue and view! How is he to insure a proper discrimination between virtue and view! How is he to insure a proper discrimination between virtue and view! How is he to insure a proper discrimination between virtue and view! How is he to insure a proper discrimination between virtue and view! How is he to insure a proper discrimination between virtue and view! How is he to insure a proper discrimination between virt

The revival of the Confederate Democracy Evry man in the awjence riz to his feet, ez ef and the decline of the Republican party, when Gen. Grant was in the White House, were ac great that the Republicans narrowly escaped defeat in the election of President, and did not defeat in the election of President, and du not escape a disputed election and the danger of civil war therefrom. The election of President by a hard rub was made a barren success by a Confederate majority in Congress. If General Grant had achieved his then desire for a renomination, could be have restored to Congress the Republican majority which had sunk during his term? Could be himself have restored the Republican party from a minority of more than 300,000 to which it had snuk in the popular vote during his second term? Could he make sure his election and the return of a Republican majority to Congress, if he were now nominated?

rends uv the Corners, you don't want Vorus, effyoo want your money. Yoo want a man wich hez the disposishen to buy, and the money to buy with."

"Uv coarse we do—uv coarse we do! D—un
"Uv coarse we do—uv coarse we do! D—un

"Uv coarse we do—uv coarse we do! D—un Vorus!" they all exclamed.

"Gentlemen!" sed Josef, "Wat yoo want is Tilden. Tilden hez money—barls uv it. Tilden is a patriot wich dont want any delegit to vote for him for nuthin. That eminent patriot will be in Cincionati with his money. He will hev his hedquarters full uv it, and whoso wants will be permitted to plunge into that harl elbow deep. It is uv vitle intrest to the Corners that he be our nominee.

And immegitty a haf dezen mooved that the name uv Tilden be substitooted for Vorus, and it wuz kerried yoouanimusly.

Josef Bigler then mooved that his esteemed frend Nasby be the delegit, wich wuz kerried.

I wuz so grateful to Josef for this, that I actilly cum down from the cheer and embrased him.

"Uv calment is the Executive, can assure us and almost lost the Executive, can assure us these.

All this talk, if it has any meaning, means that Gen. Grant would assume a military dictatorship. We do not suppose that the talkers of the need of the strong man mean this, but the legislative branch governs the country, and in the last resort is supreme. Without the like Samson, when his hair was short. Neither Grant nor any other man can do anything in the Presidency "to hold rebellion in chock," save in pursuance of law. The laws of a free country are made in jealousy of power. The man who best understands the constitutional powers of the Executive, will be the best man to administer them.

to administer them.

The election of President is to be settled ac-The election of President is to be settled according to the forms of law. The candidate is not going to call for the veterans of the Union army to muster and be ready to seat him in case of a dispute of his election. The country is not secure against frauduleut practices by Congress to revise the election of President, but it is not going to call out the veteran volunteer army to intimidate Congress. The only practicable way to escape such calamity and to intimidate the Confederate Congress is to elect a Republican President by a clear majority, and a Republican Congress to back him. A Congress will not be swift to seat a Confederate who was not elected President, when a Republican Congress stands ready to step into its shoes.

This strong-man talk has already put a sword into the hand of the Confederates; it would be wiser to drop it now, and to place the argument

into the hand of the Confederates; it would be wiser to drop it now, and to place the argument for the renomination of General Grant on practical conditions. The Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof are to continue the supreme law of the land, and are to bind President and people. He is the best man for President who will best preserve and execute the constitutional powers. That is the only strong man that the Republic can bear.—Cincinnati Gasette.

Shall we Have a Highness ?

Now that Mr. Conkling and his friends are casting about plainly for fresh materials to strengthen the Grant boom, we commend to them a careful study of the disagreement which took place during the first Congress between the Senate and the House about the style and address of the President. The style of "His Excellency," used by able editors of our own day, had been rejected by the Senate as not being sufficiently lofty and respectful, and the Senate appointed a committee to consider the subject. This committee reported that in its opinion it would be proper to address the President as "His Highness the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberty." But the Democratic House thought this a piece of antiquated Crom wellian gibberish, and decided that it would be quite fine enough to call the President "Mr. President." Why not insert a resolution in the Chicago platform calling for the adoption of the "highness" and the "protectorate t"—N. Y. World.

If Geu. Grant's address ever becomes "White House, Washington, D. C.," it must be under-stood that the D. C. stands for Don Cameron.